

A day worth
remembering



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

April 10, 2007 is a day I will never forget. It was the day I gave birth to my son. Beforehand, I thought it would all be a piece of cake, but to my surprise, it was far from that. On my way to a routine check-up, it seemed as if all I was able to think about was how bad my back hurt and that I could not wait to have this baby. I arrived at the doctor's office and everything seemed to be running smoothly. I sat in the small, cramped room for what seemed like forever after the nurse had gotten my vitals.

The doctor finally came into the room and asked me how I was feeling. I informed her that besides the fact that I was wobbling around and carrying an extra 30 pounds, I felt just fine. She then looked at me with a facial expression that had me thinking the worse. She informed me that my blood pressure was through the roof and that they would have to induce my labor. There I was, a first time mom about to go through something that I had never experienced before. Nervous doesn't even begin to describe the feelings that I was having at that time and moment.

I called my husband and informed him that I was being sent to the maternity ward. Calling him did not help me to calm down. To be honest, I think I was calmer than he was which was surprising since he had been through this before. Finally, after all the questions and trying to comprehend what was going on, he was on his way. I was finally taken upstairs to the maternity ward and admitted. Not too long after arriving, I was given Pitocin to get the contractions started, a drug given to speed up the dilation of the cervix, since there was a chance of my son's heart rate dropping.

Shortly after I was examined, I was diagnosed with severe Preeclampsia, a condition in which the blood pressure is significantly high and chances of

seizures and liver failure can occur. Not only was I diagnosed with something that I had never heard of with the potential to become fatal, the woman in the next room over that was actually giving birth at that time was screaming her heart out. I wanted to dart out of that place. I was beyond terrified. I sat there in a daze for most of the day since I was on so many different medications. You would have never thought that I was in labor because I was hooked up to so many machines.

I felt like this was the worst day of my life and swore I would never do it again. The sharp, rushing pains of contractions kept coming, and to me, life as I knew it sucked. Whenever the pain came along, it would be stronger, longer, and more unbearable than the last. This lasted for an eternity in my eyes and I could not wait for it to be over. I eventually made it to the ten centimeters required to deliver. I was almost to the finish line and I was ready for it to be done and over with. With my husband and mother at my side, I felt invincible.

They gave me the energy that was necessary to make it through one of the most important days of my life. I had my game face on and nothing stood in between me and giving birth to the son I was dying to meet. I began to push. The first push and I thought my lungs had collapsed. I was determined to end the long journey I had been on for nine months. With the second and last push came a beautiful, little baby boy. All that I had gone through was well worth it and if I had to do it all over again I would. April 10, 2007 was one of the most terrifying but happiest days of my life and I will always remember every detail of it.